thing vanished, and we drove on in our sea-side forest as before, and I have the honour to be Tomarcher's valued correspondent, Teriitera,which he was previously known as

ROBERT Louis STEVENSON/'

Perhaps because he was so busy with his book, R. L. S. himself did not write much more from Tautira. But his wife fills in the story. She too begins : " I write you from fairyland, where we are living in a fairy story, the guests of a beautiful brown princess/' " Chance " brought them, for in those days nobody could tell them anything about Tautira except that it was very remote, very wild but very fine. There, therefore, Louis gains health and strength every day, takes sea baths and swims, and lives almost entirely in the open air as nearly without clothes as possible. Ori looks more like a Roman Emperor in bronze than

words can express and inhabits a ” bird-cage "
house. They go to feasts crowned with, flowers;
Louis makes a speech; they live almost entirely
on native food, and Rui is literally a brother.
Thus, then, when the message comes that the